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RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE chief part of every man's religious work is within himself. The most important of all Christian efforts is that which is spent, by each individual, in cleansing his own heart, strengthening his own virtue, resisting his own temptations,—in purifying and perfecting his own inward nature, his own spiritual life. But it is sometimes instructive to look abroad also, and to watch the progress that Christianity is making in the world at large. Any one who is really interested in the spread of the truth, who is heartily engaged in building up that kingdom of pure righteousness which Christ called the kingdom of Heaven, cannot well avoid looking with some concern on the course of religious opinion, the various sentiments and speculations that spring up and prevail respecting the Gospel, respecting Jesus Christ, respecting man's highest duties here on earth, and his prospects hereafter. Many of these opinions are undoubtedly mistakes. Many of these speculations are so superficial, so barren and dry, having so little to do with the real everyday Christian life, that they are comparatively worthless. But still, almost every error has some truth closely connected with it; and by studying the operations of other men's thoughts, even their erroneous workings, we may often arrive at clearer views for ourselves.

When a new scientific discovery is made known, when some new and curious machine is invented, or when a new island is searched out by some explorer on the distant ocean, there is a widespread interest awakened. Men are eager to learn about it, to see it or to read of it.

They catch eagerly at all information relating to it. Now it seems to me that we should not feel a less interest, certainly, but a deeper and stronger, in any sincere religious opinion which has fastened itself upon the minds of our fellow-men, influenced their action, changed their manner of life, perhaps called them to great sacrifices of comfort, and at any rate has created a new movement in the history of the world. Such a thing is of too much consequence to be overlooked, too sacred to be despised. It ought to receive a serious, a candid, a fair and charitable consideration.

I propose to glance, very briefly, at some of the more prominent features in the present aspect of the religious world. If we are alive to what is taking place around us, we shall be disposed to take up the language of the prophet and to say, like those in the ancient city who waited for the dawning of the clear light of day, "Watchman, what of the night?"

At this moment there are some great questions agitating men's minds. Human opinion is unsettled, perhaps beyond any former example. Christians are extremely divided in sentiment. New sects are formed every day. Old and large denominations are split asunder into smaller ones, and too often a hostile, quarrelsome temper is manifested in the discussions and deportment of these parties towards each other. Every shade of theological doctrine seems to be represented in some creed, or church, or body of men, from one extreme to the other,—from the superstition that reverences everything to the infidelity that reverences nothing; from the credulity that believes on the smallest evidence to the skepticism that doubts in the face of the fullest evidence; from the blind conservatism that holds fast dead ceremonies and outgrown institutions to the destructive radicalism that uproots the good as well as the bad, tears down in foolish haste what it cannot replace, and overturns the foundations of order and peace.

Amidst such a scene of confusion as this which now covers the face of civilized nations, it may seem at first sight as if these mixed elements could not be classified; as if no law could be discovered that regulates this discordant mass; as if no clue could be found which runs through and explains the whole. But when we look more carefully, I think we shall find that there is such a clue. Speaking in a general sense, there are now two great tendencies, two leading, prominent classes,—of religious opinion. Almost every sect of Christians will be found to represent one of these two. Those who really interest themselves at all in the subject of Christianity and think upon it, may be ranged under the one or the other of these grand parties. The first of these is made up of those who think that Christianity resides chiefly in

some outward institution, consists in performing certain specified ceremonies, or in subscribing some particular creed, or in joining some particular church. They lean upon some human authority, rather than upon their own understanding of the Word of God. When they would learn the truth, they go to some council of men, like the Council of Trent, or the Council of Nice, or to some one man, like Calvin or St. Augustine or Swedenborg, rather than into their own souls, enlightened simply by the Holy Scriptures. Ask them for the record of what they believe, or the reason why they believe it,—and they will refer you to some presbytery, or the decrees of some episcopal church, or the Westminster Catechism, or the pope of Rome. They are very jealously tenacious of some special form of worship. In the outside matters of faith, they are exceedingly scrupulous. These persons may be called the Party of the Past, for they take their faith from ages and men that have passed away, more than from Him who never passes away, but is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. They look backward, instead of forward. They do not take the lead in human progress, but are timid, stationary, and often are very useful in preserving the good that others have done. Or it may be called the Party of Human Authority,—because it attaches an undue importance to some institution of human origin,—something that man's hands have done, or man's ingenuity has contrived; such as the repetition of a written form of prayer, or a peculiar garment for the priest who reads it, or some one attitude of the body in worship, or auricular, not secret, confession, or bowing assent to a given number of articles in a creed, or counting the beads of a rosary, or burning incense or candles, or lifting up a piece of bread called the holy wafer. It may also be called the Party of Exclusiveness, because its members generally make some of these external matters essential to salvation. They deny the name of Christian to those who cannot agree with them in these respects,—respects where Christ left all our judgments free. Their sympathies and feelings are narrowed by their narrow system; and so they fall into a very weak and foolish bigotry.

If it be asked who they are that belong to this party, and follow this tendency,—the reply should be given only in general terms. To speak of individuals would be unwise, perhaps illiberal. But upon systems of opinion, we are bound to pass our judgments, and we may speak of them freely, provided we also speak kindly and truly. The more prevailing systems about us that seem to come especially under the description I have given are those of the Roman Catholic Church, the Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian and Calvinistic Church, the Methodist Church, and the Baptist Church. I know that the members of these Churches

differ on many minor points, and that they are not commonly classed together. I know that they are very unwilling to be classed together, for they violently oppose and make war upon one another. But in point of fact, in the great characteristics I have mentioned, it is plain that they do belong in the same company. I say nothing now of the correctness of their spiritual doctrine, or their life. But they do all pay implicit obedience to their creed or their church-covenant; they all rely much upon human authority, for human hands wrote their creeds; they have a rigid church government and discipline; and, in theory, they deny Christian fellowship and Christian sympathy to those who stand outside of their own circle. Individuals in their ranks, sustaining only a nominal connexion with them, may very likely be exempt from these peculiarities; may belong in spirit to the opposite class; may be more liberal and progressive than their own system is; just as many individuals in the number of our Liberal denominations may have a spirit that is really akin to that of the bigoted children of creed-service. But I am not speaking of individuals; I am describing those general tendencies of opinion that cover each a multitude of individuals, and that divide the Christian world between them.

The second of these great tendencies then—what is that, and whom does it embrace? It embraces all those Christians, of whatever name, who hold these three cardinal points of doctrine. 1. The duty of individual interpretation of the Word of God, the duty of studying it and understanding it by the light of each man's own reason and good sense, without subservience to the dictation of any man or body of men. They may make use of other men's labors, criticisms and investigations, as *helps* to their understanding of the Scriptures, but they never bow blindly to them in servile submission, relinquishing their own God-given faculty and inalienable right of a rational judgment. 2. They regard religion as a spiritual thing, not as a thing of external forms. If they use some external forms as helps to their devotion, they still feel that these forms are of secondary consequence; that they may change with circumstances; and that the chief work of religion is in the heart, cleansing that inner temple, purifying the affections and desires of the soul, and thus making everything pure. 3. They set the highest value on active benevolence, on such works of mercy as relieve the suffering, visit the prisoner and the poor, minister to the sick, the forsaken, the orphan and the distressed, free the slave from bondage, and deliver society from all the burdens under which it groans. These are the more prominent characteristics of our second great division. A large multitude of persons are following this direction, some being less and others more advanced in it. Many who do not openly call

themselves Liberal Christians, are yet taking this tendency and making progress in it. The spirit of religious reform which is abroad draws larger and larger numbers into its ranks. For my own part, it is my faith that finally, sooner or later, the mass of mankind will be gathered by the Providence of God into this path of truth, freedom and light. This is not, like the other, a Party of the Past; but the Party of the Future; for instead of looking back and standing still, it looks forward with hope, expects to find wider fields of truth than it has explored yet, and strives for a never-ending advancement towards perfection. It is not the Party of Human Authority, but of Divine Authority, for it seeks to get its revelations at first hand from God, and from his Son Jesus Christ, without having them warped and cramped into stiff formularies of doctrine by theological disputants. It is not the Party of Bigotry, but of Charity; for it allows to others the same freedom it claims for itself; it does not judge a brother; it does not say with pharisaic pride, 'Stand by thyself—I am holier than thou'; but teaches its disciples to love all men as brethren, and yield to all the sacred rights of conscience. That this tendency, as well as the other, sometimes runs to excess, is very true. All opinions are capable of being pushed to extremes. Individuals who belong to this liberal company sometimes fall into false notions; grow radical and destructive; while they resist old-fashioned error, rashly resist also much old-fashioned truth; while they condemn the superstitious use of ceremonies, sweep away the good uses of even the simplest forms; and while they exalt the reason, put it above revelation instead of employing it, as they ought to, to interpret and enforce revelation. But making all allowances for such abuses, this tendency, in its rightly regulated and moderated action, undoubtedly marks the true path to Christian wisdom and Christian righteousness. It embodies the spirit of Christ himself, the greatest Reformer, and of his progressive faith, not of the Pharisees and Scribes whose dominion he assailed and overthrew.

Such then are the two great sections of the religious world, and such the two different tendencies of religious thought and feeling throughout Christendom. These two opposing forces are struggling together every where,—each striving to gain the mastery over the human mind, and both dividing the empire of the world between them. Let us see if this is not peculiarly true at this moment, in the actual condition of things.

Look at what is taking place among the nations of Europe. The Roman Catholic Church, which represents most perfectly the Party of the Past, of ceremonies, of outward rites and human tradition and arrogant assumption, holding that there is no salvation out of its borders,—this Church comes into closer and closer conflict with that free

spirit of inquiry which spurns all false restraints, and which casts off the machinery, the pretension, the showy pomp, the spiritual tyranny, the Latin prayers, and human confessionals and trifling penances and painted robes, which only separate the soul from God. In those countries where there is the highest civilization and the most intelligence, where most is done for the well-being of mankind,—the countries that are of most consequence to the world for their life, enterprise, science and literature,—such as Germany, England, France, Scotland, Prussia, and even Italy,—in all these, this struggle between the old and the new, between bondage and freedom, between darkness and light, grows warmer every day. On the one hand the Romish power, with the pope at its head, is seeking to recover something of its lost efficiency, to increase its dominion and extend its influence; while on the other, that effort is met with the stubborn resistance of thousands of brave and noble hearts. In France, the order of Jesuits, distinguished above all other Catholics for their secret plottings and their tireless exertions to enslave the opinions of mankind, have been seeking to establish themselves in new strength; but so mightily has popular opinion risen up in opposition to them, that the French king and his ministers have advised the pope to put a check upon their operations, and he has thought it expedient to comply. The celebrated work of a very successful writer who has dared with a powerful hand to expose the Jesuitical deceits and mischiefs, has thrown the public mind into a ferment of excitement. The Catholics are enraged at so deadly a thrust upon their practices, and the people are roused to think and examine for themselves. In the cantons of Switzerland, where the majestic mountains and free air seem to impart to the minds of the inhabitants too much of their own spirit of independence and liberty to allow them to bow down to Romish usurpation,—the land of Zuingli and William Tell and Hottinguer, and Farel by adoption,—within a few months past, the Jesuits have encountered such strenuous resistance from the populace that the question was brought to the test of open warfare. The temper of a domineering priesthood cannot be permitted long to live in that unshackled retreat of earnest souls. In Italy, the very seat and centre of the papal superstition, lying under the shadow of the Vatican itself, Protestant American missionaries have pushed their way, as they have also in Belgium and Sweden, with the open Bible in their hands, and are now converting men to a faith, simpler at least than that which Rome has taught them, and one which may prepare them for future changes to still purer doctrines. In Prussian Poland, also, a strong body of Protestants under the leadership of Czerski, has come out from the Roman communion into a new fellowship.

But the most striking movement has sprung up in Germany,—and what is most remarkable, within the bosom of the Catholic Church itself there. A new reformation has begun, on the same principles that roused Luther, three centuries ago. And as is often the case, the new impulse of reform has arisen from the shameful abuses and wicked impositions of the old system. It is now but little more than one year since a spectacle, mournful for its superstitiousness and contemptible for the folly and baseness of those educated men, bishops and priests, who, knowing as they must the deception, took the lead in displaying it, was witnessed in the city of Treves. A certain garment was there exposed to view as the very coat worn by our Lord Jesus Christ, when he was on earth. The exhibition was announced with great pomp by a Romish bishop beforehand. The same garment, or one resembling it, had been made notorious in the same way, more than once before. The whole German people, nay the whole European people, was gravely summoned to the sight on a certain September day. And they came,—some in ignorance, and some to act their part cunningly in the profane game,—from far and near, over immense distances, persons of all classes, in vast multitudes, in thronged companies of pilgrims, by crowded conveyances and on foot. Priests looked on and saw poor, misled men and women pawning their last possessions, reducing themselves to miserable poverty, to defray the expenses of the journey to this piece of empty pageantry, founded in a presumptuous lie; and as they entered the city, band after band, full of fanatical ardor and excited expectation, they were greeted by the loud ringing of bells from the church-towers, by flags and torches, by strains of music, and by a streaming banner emblazoned with an image of the cross,—cross of the meek and lowly Jesus who loved humility!—floating in glittering colors from the top of the magnificent cathedral. One by one the persons who composed this mighty procession filed past a particular spot in the cathedral, where, in a gold frame, a brown tunic was suspended behind a transparent shade. In the course of one week it was estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand visitors thus gazed upon the relic, and during the whole time of the display, about twelve hundred thousand persons. All who were allowed to touch the coat were supposed to be invested with a peculiar sanctity. Miracles were thought to be wrought by it. The sick were carried up that they might be healed by putting their hands upon it. With insane transport they cried out, “Holy Coat, pray for us,—Holy Coat, we pray to thee.” Meantime, the town was enlivened by plays, menageries, fairs and panoramas. The request was made of strangers—very significant and certainly called-for and easily understood—that they should indulge in no criticisms on religious

matters or opinions. "The voice of political discussion," says one account, "was hushed; the busy commerce of the city and even the harvest labors of the field were silent; everything like this world's occupations and concerns was neglected, to give pomp and emphasis to the sad spectacle of man's faith deceived and led astray, by a piece of an old garment."

But this is not the end of the history. The blessing came soon, in the reaction and reawakening of sound sense which started up to utter its protest against this shameful idolatry. A Catholic priest of Silesia, obscure till then, but famous as a reformer now, John Ronge by name, had the boldness, at the risk of losing his office, in a publicly printed letter, to denounce this scene as a disgraceful and vicious outrage upon his country and humanity, and a blasphemous impiety towards God. He called the bishop who managed it to solemn account, and summoned his countrymen to bear witness with one voice against this unholy abomination. He declared religion to be an inward and a spiritual thing, quoted Christ's words, "God is a Spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth," bade men reverence the spirit of Jesus and not his garments, and proclaimed the Gospel's own reproof upon all worshippers of images. The fearless cry was responded to, as all noble voices from earnest souls are. True, the man himself was soon searched out by the craven minions of Rome who trembled at his words, and persecuted, slandered, deposed from his place, excommunicated. But what mattered that, to him or his disciples? So also was Christ his Master and many a martyr treated. But God and Christ and truth had spoken to him; he had obeyed their behest, and therefore his peace was not to be terrified by threats or violence. A new German Catholic Church rallied round him. The scales of prejudice and spiritual blindness seemed to fall from men's eyes. They seized on Ronge's letter with avidity. They found in it the burning thoughts that had been kindled up by the flame of their own indignation. Five thousand copies of it are said to have been sold in two weeks, and it was soon translated into various foreign languages. The spirit spread into surrounding countries,—into Prussia and Austria. Its force is not exhausted yet, and it may not fully spend itself till it has shaken that vast fabric of error and ignorance, the popish hierarchy, to its foundations.

Such is always the history of theological intolerance. It cripples its own hands. Light rises out of the thickest darkness. Liberty has its birth amidst the crumbling edifices of ancient superstitions. The world has its redemption in the conflicts of Heaven's own truth with man's folly and sin. And in these signs are written out our fairest hopes of better and holier periods to come. It rests with us to be true to our

own dearly-bought privileges and slowly earned knowledge, true to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, true to our inborn convictions of right and duty. Thus shall we work out our own deliverance, attain our salvation, and serve the highest good of mankind.

But the further notice of the religious movements of the times, with some reflections that naturally grow out of the whole review, must be reserved to a future article.

EARLY MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

THE eye of the traveller, as he wanders over the land and sea of this vast world, is filled with the beauty and greatness of the works of man. And when he calls to mind the change which has been wrought upon the face of the earth, since it sprang out of chaos in brightness and verdure, and was bathed in the first light of the morning stars, he is lost in wonder. Ages have not rolled over this planet in vain: every moment of their periods has left an impress upon its surface. The earth is no longer a green pasture for the beasts to graze upon, and the grasshopper to make merry in; the great ocean no longer stretches its huge body from pole to pole in lonely grandeur, unfathomed save by the monsters of its own kingdom; and the stars of the widespread firmament of heaven can no longer look down upon the undisturbed surface of the virgin earth.

Indeed, so mighty has been the change, that when we attempt to turn away from the vast granaries of man's wealth, and the accumulated objects of his labor, and reproduce to our sight the infant world, we fly from the vision, as from an uncertain dream. So incredible doth it seem to us, that the garden of Eden, even with its trees and its herbs, its rivers and precious stones, could have provided a home for man, and afforded material for the exercise of the vast powers of his activity and ingenuity. And *how* hath this marvellous change been wrought? Was it by a special miracle from heaven? Has the sterile desert of the night offered to the morning sun the luxuriance and fruit of the field of grain, waving in the breath of the morning air? Has the secluded hamlet by the mountain's brow, as with the hand of God, been suddenly stretched over the stern acclivity, and in a day crowded the vast plain with its palaces and columns of marble? Has the frail plank upon which

the savage launched forth upon the bosom of the deep, been mysteriously converted into a mighty ship laden with the products of the civilized world? No, God hath not thus miraculously changed the face of this wonderful earth. But he hath wrought it out through the lapse of ages, by his choicest instrument, *man*. As in the morning of existence God gave him dominion over all created things, so hath the power been inherited by generations that came after; and it has been in the growing exercise of this dominion, that the face of the world now presents such wonderful monuments of man's skill, energy and industry; so wonderful, that ere long, at the present ratio of increase, it would seem that there can remain upon the face of the civilized world scarcely the most inaccessible mountain which man has not scaled, or which his mighty arm cannot remove.

But is *physical* force the extent of man's capacity? and are the mountains, plains and rivers of the natural world the only material upon which he is called to lay his forming hand? Are the products of the useful and ornamental arts and sciences to be the only result of his laborious life?

Oh no; glorious as have been the effects of human toil upon the material world, this is not his only sphere of labor, and the sole object of his interest. There is a *spiritual* world upon which he is to act, and which, through his power, will become more beautiful and wonderful than all created things. But as the observer inquires into the state of this department of human activity, and asks, how much has been effected *here* since the world began, how feeble in comparison with other achievements will be found the triumphs over the barriers to spiritual growth and perfection! How sad is the fact, that while cities are built, and ships traverse the great deep, and the heart of the mountain is laid bare, that world for which Christ toiled and suffered and *died*, should bear in its kingdom so small a proportion of subjects, and that *its* triumphs and labors should be so far inferior to those which have adorned the great world of human ingenuity and civilization! And to what can this contrast be ascribed? The material and the appliances are as near at hand as those upon which man has so largely and successfully labored; and he has the impulse to desire, and the ingenuity to devise plans to rear or reform the immortal fabric of the human character. But the reward of such labor is distant and intangible, and man is selfish and impatient for immediate results. As the sculptor chisels the cold and powerless marble, he sees the change going on, and long before the work is completed, the features of the human face divine are present to his sight. But upon the hardened heart of a sinful community, the earnest desire and effort may long work, and the effect be still invisible.

Thus many noble spirits are stript of their energies, and many glorious enterprises checked in their course, and the coming of the kingdom of Heaven upon earth delayed, by the want of that "faith, which so well supplies the want of sight." As we look abroad over the face of the world of spirits, and into the experience of those that have sent up their record on high, *from this cause* how frequent and sad are the instances of plans unpursued, of high objects desired but unattained, of deep interests laid aside! In the record of the year which has just withdrawn its stars from our sight, and breathed its latest sigh in our ears, (than which none has been more fruitful of the results of physical force,) how many are the broken and unfinished columns of proud resolves and efforts! and in how many hearts, at its close, did there lie buried the remains of holy purposes and noble deeds!

But far in advance of the spiritual as the observer finds the visible world of labor, and sad as is the consideration of man's neglect of the former, we still find in many lands and countless hearts the *promise*, that the beauty of Eden shall revisit the earth, and "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

As one feature of this promised result, and one which by its magnitude may well be compared to the stupendous works of art, we turn to the Missionary Enterprise; an enterprise which sprang from the deepest recesses of a Christian heart, and drew into its service the largest and noblest energies of which man is capable; and for its encouragement and inspiration, rested upon this promise, "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life."

In the History of Missions, we find none so prominent for entire reliance upon the promises of God, and so little demanding immediate and outward results, as the Moravian mission to the heathen; and not one which hath in the end been blessed with more abundant fruits of labor. The life of the Brethren among the Greenlanders is full of wonder and interest: and we would devote the remaining portion of this article to a sketch of its opening scenes. There is scarce a region of the habitable globe which presents so unwelcome a home to the favored child of Christian privileges and comforts, as the snow-clad hills, and the ice-blocked islands of the Greenlander's abode. And when we connect with the unfavorableness of the position of the country the dreaded character of its inhabitants, who sprang from that race of barbarians that poured down upon Rome and southern Europe like a deluge, and kept the coasts in constant alarm by their piratical inroads, we cannot sufficiently

admire the enterprise and courage and burning zeal of that body of men, who forsaking all, launched forth upon the sea of uncertainty and suffering, to carry the Gospel to this nation. They had been preceded in this undertaking many years, by two heralds of the cross; one a Norwegian priest, who made some converts to the Romish religion. At this time some churches were built, a bishop consecrated, and some allotments made for his support. But the effect of his labors soon faded away, and years rolled by and effaced the last impression of Christianity. In the year 1729 the lamentable condition of this people was taken up by a minister in Norway; and after obtaining from government the means of support, he left home for a life among the natives of Greenland. After some years of great labor, this project was also relinquished.

At an early period, the Church of the United Brethren turned its attention to the deplorable state of the heathen world, deeply sensible of the duty under which it lay to carry forth the light of the Gospel. After maturely considering this important object, it sent out its missionaries in simplicity and lowliness, poorly supplied, indeed, with externals, but armed with a lively zeal, and an intense strength of faith. In the year 1733, two young men belonging to the Brethren, being at work together in preparing a piece of ground for a burial place at Herrnhut, in the course of conversation found that they had both, unknown to each other, formed the desire of going as missionaries to Greenland: and they proposed themselves to the society for this service. They were but the second company who had to make the untried experiment whether the heathen would receive the message of peace from their Creator and Redeemer, and were therefore left to act as the Lord and his spirit should lead them. With scarcely any provision for their journey beyond the most necessary articles of clothing, our missionaries travelled to the Danish capital. Here they met with a kind reception, but their intention of going to Greenland could not be regarded as a visionary scheme. But they took little notice of these gloomy forebodings, and cast their confidence on Him, who, as they believed, had called them to the work, and would support them in the prosecution of it. Being asked one day, how they proposed to maintain themselves in Greenland; they answered, that they depended on the labor of their own hands, and God's blessing, and that not to be burdensome to any one they would build themselves a house and cultivate the ground. It being objected that they would find no wood to build with, as the country presented little but a face of barren rock; "Then," replied they, "we will dig into the earth and lodge there." "No," said the chamberlain, "to that necessity you shall not be reduced; you shall take timber with you for building a house; accept of these fifty dollars

for that purpose." Thus equipped they took an affecting leave of the court where they had been so kindly entertained, and embarked on the tenth of April for their new home. The congregation at Herrnhut had adopted the practice of annually compiling a collection of Scripture texts for every day in the year. This text was called, "The daily bread;" and on the tenth of April, the day when the Brethren set sail upon a mission which so often appeared to baffle all hope, the Daily Word was this text; "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." After encountering a field of floating ice, while in a thick fog, a violent storm of four days continuance, preceded by a total eclipse of the sun, they cast anchor in Baal's river, May 20; and joyfully welcomed the snowy cliffs and savage inhabitants of a country, which had so long been the chief object of their wishes. The Word of the day was, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your minds and hearts through Christ Jesus."

Immediately on their landing they repaired to Mr. Egede, the former missionary, who gave them a cordial welcome, and promised them assistance in learning the language. They next fixed upon a spot for building; and having consecrated it with prayer, began to raise up a Greenland hut of stones and sods, in which they might find shelter until they had erected a wooden house. It was an early season, and the snow disappeared a month sooner than usual; yet the cold was so severe that the turf often froze in their hands. The dwelling house being completed, they next turned their attention to the means of procuring a maintenance, and the acquisition of the language. These things were at first attended with great difficulties. They had but indifferent success in hunting and fishing, as these occupations were strange to them, and they could not imitate the Greenlanders in the use of the kajak. Mr. Egede, who had kindly offered to help them in learning the language, gave them his written remarks to copy, and his sons explained them. But it may easily be imagined that they had to struggle with most appalling difficulties. They were obliged in the first place, to learn Danish in order to understand their instructors; it was then necessary for them to acquire a clear idea of the technical terms of grammar; and lastly, to make themselves masters of the uncouth declensions and conjugations. Besides this, a copious vocabulary was to be committed to memory, the Greenlanders having often ten different words for one thing. While engaged in this pursuit, the small pox broke out among the natives, and proved fatal to a large number. Some stabbed themselves, or plunged into the sea to put a speedy end to their torments. The missionaries were unremitted in their exertions to alleviate the distress of the poor sufferers. They received and nursed all the sick

who fled to them, and such unquestionable proofs of love touched the hearts even of those who had before shown the greatest animosity to the missionaries. A person of this description said to the minister on his death-bed, "You have been more kind to us than we have been to one another: you have fed us when we were famishing; you have buried our dead, who would else have been a prey to dogs, foxes and ravens; and you have told us of God and a better life hereafter." This virulent contagion lasted about nine months, and carried off between two and three thousands of the natives. As the colony seemed to be almost extinguished, and the country round was shunned as the nest of the plague, the Brethren had enough to damp their ardor. But their desire to spend their lives in the service of the heathen had not been a hasty impulse, and they were steadily resolved to wait for years before they would relinquish their aim. The urgency of their wants increased the perils of their toilsome life, as they were frequently constrained by the cravings of appetite to venture out upon the foaming billows in an old weather beaten hulk for many miles along the shore. Once when they had nearly reached the land on their return homewards, they were driven back four or five miles by a sudden squall; and after being completely drenched by the breakers, were obliged to spend four nights upon a rocky island. Before the departure of the ship, they were pressed to take their passage in it to Europe. Even the Greenlanders who seldom troubled themselves with reflection, wondered much what could induce the Brethren to remain amongst them. But they adhered to the word of promise, and believed that their Heavenly Father would never forsake them.

I have been thus minute in the details of the commencement of an undertaking, which "had scarce a name to live," that the extent of the self-sacrifice of its projectors might be seen, and the power of that faith upon which they lived be magnified. In this faith they have continued to labor, until after years of toils and privation, and "deaths oft," the Word has become fruitful and is yielding an abundant harvest; and as we enlarge this sketch from our memories we shall look upon these early laborers among the heathen, as illustrious examples of the Christian life. They were men of simple *faith*, who "have the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." And though, through their instrumentality, the great deeds of the artisan or the scholar may not be wrought, by the gradual but irresistible power of love they create a work over which the angels in heaven might rejoice: they make an impression upon that material which shall outlive the stars. Let us then, like the example before us, turn from the engrossing pursuit of earthly cares and toils and ends, and become deeply engaged in

building up the kingdom of spiritual life and attainment. Thus shall we do our part toward hastening the coming of the blessed day, when all labor and enterprise shall be subordinate to the deeds of faith and love: when the harmonious development of the highest energies of man shall cover the earth with righteousness, "as the waters cover the sea."

H. A. B.

THE MOSLEM'S REBUKE.

BY REV. S. G. BULFINCH.

About the time of the battle of Fontenoy, a hundred years since, when the powers of Europe were all involved in those wars in which the ambition of Frederick the Great had engaged them, the Turkish Sultan made a solemn appeal to the Christian princes to put a stop to the effusion of blood, offering at the same time his services as mediator. The proposal was not accepted.

WHERE the seraglio's gardens
O'erlook the Golden Horn,
Met in a proud pavilion
The wise, the nobly born.
There burned Arabia's incense
In vases rich with gold,
And silken curtains drooped around
In many a crimson fold.

On the divan sat the vizier,
Around, a varied train,
The boyar of proud Russia,
The grandee of prouder Spain.
Here, decked with scars and orders,
Was Prussia's warrior seen,
While there a prince of Hungary
Stood for the empress queen.

Cold greeting gave those nobles,
Yet in measured, courtly phrase;
Was many a cautious look askance,
And many a dark, stern gaze.
But the gay Parisian marquis
Seems flushed with victory's joy,
While silent broods yon English earl
O'er bloody Fontenoy.

Then spake the Turkish vizier :

“ Ye chieftains of the West,
Ambassadors of warring powers,
List to my lord's behest.

Your realms, for years unnumbered
In fruitless strife have bled.

What have ye gained, what can ye gain,
But hecatombs of dead ?

“ Ye boast ye are the followers
Of One whose law was love.

Ye spurn our conquering Prophet's sway,
Our sterner faith reprove.

Show then ye prize his precepts

Whom as your Lord ye claim,

Or cast his gentle love away,

For conscience and for shame.

“ Our Prophet left his children
The Koran and the sword.

We bid the vanquished infidel
Receive his hallowed word.

But neither Christ nor Mahomet
Can longer brook that strife

That through the realms of Frangistan
Riots in human life.

“ Here let your warring sovereigns
Each cause of strife make known,

And let the peace of Christendom
Flow from the Sultan's throne.

He pledges as your arbiter

A faith that knows no stain ;

Then let the sword of havoc rest
And earth rejoice again.”

Dark frowned those Christian nobles

And turned away in pride,

To quench the thought of virtuous deeds,
The blush of shame to hide.

Soon rung the tale o'er Europe ;

Amazed the nations stood ;—

Then shouted each their battle cry,

And bathed again in blood.

CHARACTER AND DEATH OF CHARLES EMERSON.

BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

CHARLES EMERSON, in February last, came to this city,* an invalid and a stranger. He had about him the signs of consumption, and sought our mild climate to receive its frequently restoring influences. His best anticipations seemed likely to be realized, till a little more than two weeks ago, when he was suddenly seized with severe and copious hemorrhages. These continued at intervals for nearly four days. They exhausted his strength, and, in defiance of professional skill and the strictest attention, brought him to the grave. He died, and we gave him the last care which we all shall ever need at the hands of mortal men. All of him that remained on earth, we placed in its bosom and buried away from our sight. And I believe that his soul is at peace, for he died in the faith of the Saviour. He was a Christian in life, and death gave only new confirmation to the power of his hope. Not more beautiful was that evening, brightly as it shone, nor more serene, than the passing away of that fair spirit. Before the sun went down he had gone to his rest, and no longer shall he need its light, for there is no night there, in the world to which the happy and the immortal go. He passed away; this is our language; it is the dialect of the earth and not of the skies. We see him no more, and yet *he* never saw so clearly. Our sight is dim, but the vision of Heaven is pure.

Though the subject of these remarks was unknown to many who hear me, still there is peculiar propriety in making him the text of our meditations this morning. He was one of us, and this place was dearer to him than any other in which he had ever worshipped. Here he entered the visible Church of Christ, and for the first time sat here at the table of communion which his Master reared in sorrow and in love just before his own departure. And it is fitting that we should remember him to-day. There is still another reason: Mr. Emerson was a Unitarian. Against all the impressions of his childhood and all the influences of his education from the school to the college, he became convinced of the power and truth of Christianity as received and unfolded by Milton and Locke, and among ourselves, by such minds as Channing and Ware. Till his brief residence here he had never attended upon the worship of

* This article sufficiently explains itself. It is part of a discourse delivered after the decease of this pure-minded and upright young man, at Savannah. We are indebted to the author for an account which cannot but be deeply interesting to our readers.

Ed.

a church whose views harmonized with his own; up to this period he had never listened to more than two clergymen of our denomination of Christians, and never upon but two occasions. His views of Christianity were the result of great study and carefulness. He was singularly unprejudiced and fair in all his judgments. But when convinced, he was firm, though always mild and charitable. During the last week of his life he often spoke of the faith he had adopted, and of the clearness and strength of his hopes. He had no fears. He was submissive and cheerful.

For these reasons I have deemed it fitting to speak of him now,—because he had but recently joined this church and had expressed so distinctly his confidence in the spirituality and simplicity of our views of the religion of Jesus Christ.

My friends, I desire to give no unusual importance to this testimony, to encourage no unusual adherence to any sectarian doctrines, though they should be our own. I desire to impress upon you a higher truth, that back of all sectarian and distinctive views, lie the great central ideas of Christianity and the faith which is to save the soul. For this reason I prize my simple Unitarian faith, for I find that it teaches, more forcibly than other forms of Christianity, that after all we must come back to the Bible and sit humbly down at the feet of Jesus.

I knew Mr. Emerson when he became a Unitarian, and I can confidently say that none but the most pure and resistless motives could have influenced his course, for he came to his conclusions and maintained them during his life against the pleadings of his nearest earthly friends. Just one week since, he spoke of his regrets in not being able to join in our public worship; it was the first Sunday of his absence since he came to our city. His language was, that he had become peculiarly attached to our faith and form of worship; that for the future, should he recover his health, he should be very unwilling to reside where he could not enjoy the sympathy of Unitarian Christians and the services of a Unitarian Church. He told me that during the last days of his sickness he had had many solemn moments of self-examination and repentance. He found much sin in his past life and great need of forgiveness. He said that he had no merits of his own to plead before God. But he felt that he had truly repented. He referred particularly to the doctrine of the atonement, saying that the greatest idea in it was this one of repentance; and that the history of the Prodigal Son seemed to be its best illustration. Repentance and forgiveness of sins go together, and thus we become reconciled to God,—one with Him, which is the atonement.

Just before his death he bore an equally distinct testimony to the value of his faith. He was giving me messages to his brother, and said,—

I believe I recall his exact words,—“My brother thinks me mistaken in many of my notions of theology, but tell him I have tried them and they sustain me. He differs from me, but I yet think him to be a Christian.” A friend then desired me to ask him “if his Unitarian faith seemed to him sufficient for all the purposes of death?” He replied, “Yes; still,” he continued, “we must remember that we are all weak and erring creatures.” Thus he blended *humility* and *faith*. He felt that here on earth we see as through a glass darkly, and it becometh us to regard with lowliness our own opinions, and with charity the opinions of others.

The scene of his death was peculiarly impressive. I never expect to witness a greater triumph of Christian hope,—of the strong and living spirit over the weak and mortal flesh.

To all around he expressed the sincerest gratitude for the kindness he had received. His words will linger upon many hearts till they are summoned hence to meet him. May they all be sustained by the same great faith! When he had ceased to speak of his friends and had given his messages to his distant relations, he seemed to fall into the highest and most calm religious communings, in which he continued while his consciousness remained. As the light of his outward life grew faint and dark, his spirit brightened and shone with beams caught from the *perfect day* towards which he was hastening. He had always expressed his entire submission to the Father's will. And this he exemplified to the last. He prayed that not his will, but that the will of God might be done, and repeated the words of Stephen, uttered at his own death, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!” He said that he “had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith.” And when his voice seemed to have failed, I inquired if he was still peaceful and happy. He smiled a full assent to my question, and this was the last direct token of recognition which he gave to me. But I feel that nothing could add to the beautiful impression which he thus left upon my heart.

These scenes which I have now but imperfectly, though I believe accurately, described, were characterized with the greatest sobriety and thoughtfulness. They were not the exhibitions of an excited or partial consciousness. The same modest uniformity which characterized him during life, possessed him during his closing hours. Through them all he was calm, uncomplaining and cheerful. Just after suffering one of his last and most violent hemorrhages, he said to me, that his *troubles* were wholly confined to the body—that his mind was healthful and strong and clear. He often talked about the future, and seemed to have arrived at remarkably distinct and consolatory views. Heaven was to him a reality. He had few doubts. He believed that the soul passed at once to its new condition, that the resur-

rection followed immediately upon death. He believed that "we are raised a spiritual body;" that within the folds of our mortal form are wrapt up the germs of a new and more glorious form. This he thought would have the likeness of the previous earthly body, but be far more refined, more beautiful, and would of consequence be the medium of immediate recognition. Friends would thus recognize each other more readily even than here upon earth where the medium is so much more subject to change, less complete and shadowing forth less distinctly the peculiarities of the spirit. There would be a "celestial body" fitted to give forth celestial things,—love and hope and knowledge.

I feel, my friends, that I have given only an imperfect account of the most consolatory and impressive scene that I have ever been called to witness. None but those who did witness it can realize its peculiar significance. From their hearts I am sure its impression can never be erased. Henceforth faith will possess a new character and a new vitality. Religion will be to them the "one needful thing." Christianity will possess a new power and unfold to them new hopes,—a new and more beautiful life beyond the grave.

I am not apt to give any great value to the experiences of death. I find that the life, the habitual character, is the main thing. Except as the hour of death confirms the truth and integrity of the life, I place upon it but small importance. If a man's life be true, and his heart pure, I cannot doubt that he will meet death calmly, and I care little for any immediate assurance. I never ask for a man's last words, for they seem to me of far less power and meaning than his former acts. To see them consistent and in harmony with each other is indeed desirable, and of no light importance. Such was Mr. Emerson. As he had lived, so he died. His was a calm and uniform life. In all my acquaintance with him I recall no instance of undue excitement. As we saw him here during those last moments, so I had seen him from the period of our earliest intercourse. Judging from his appearance, and knowing the trials through which he had recently passed and the condition of his own health, one might have looked upon him as a man with a sad and heavy heart. But such a judgment would be partial and erroneous. He was, on the other hand, peculiarly cheerful. He was serious, I know, but not so much from sorrow; it came rather from his estimate of life. He was serious because he felt how great it was to live, because his thoughts looked beyond this world. He talked about the future familiarly, as we talk of the present. Death was to him no more fearful than the passage to any unknown condition of being. I have often heard him express his perfect willingness to die. He had become accustomed to an existence beyond the body, for he had long

lived in communion with the high realities of the soul. These had become the chief objects of his thoughts, and for them he had learned to cherish the deepest affection. He had become wedded to the things which take hold on immortality. Hence he lived so calmly here,—so uniform and so consistent a life, and hence the tranquillity of his death.

There is a single thought which I would urge, applicable to us all and which is naturally suggested by the character and scenes I have now described. It is the serenity, the calmness, the uniformity of a religious life. A man who lives habitually by the principles of faith, by high and immortal truths, is beyond the reach of the influences which come from the change of fortune and the world. His life is steady, because it is guided by unchanging realities. It is unmoved, because the ideas to which he clings are firm. He is confident in death, because nothing on which his confidence reposes can be shaken by it. He is happy, because the springs of his happiness lie beyond this world. His love does not die, because the objects of his highest affections are reached through the sundering of earthly ties. His are the durable riches of righteousness, and they go with him when death has robbed him of the material body. What he really loves, what he prizes, what he hopes in, what he rests upon, that death cannot harm or take away. The eternal things of the spirit he has made to be the essentials of his life; and why should he not be happy? Why should he fear to die, since all these survive the grave?

MORAL ENERGY OF WOMAN.

"A WOMAN can do anything she chooses." The words were uttered by a soft and gentle voice, and yet with an emphasis which told that the speaker was in earnest, and knew, because she had learnt the lesson from experience, that her words were true. She was a *very woman* in her appearance,—soft and delicate, one of those beings who look as if they were born to be cherished and petted and waited upon; whose path of life must be smoothed, and who must be shielded and cared for, lest the winds of heaven should "visit them too roughly." And yet through her energy and determined self-devotion, she had gone out into the world, and had wrought much even in her weakness for the comfort and happiness of those she loved.

Much, very much, can be accomplished through a woman's energy. We read in history of women called out by great occasions, who have

thrown off for the time all feminine weakness, and were ready for every emergency. We picture to ourselves a Joan of Arc, at the head of her army, with her face and her heart full of courage. We recall the deeds of a Judith, and the lives of a Zenobia or Christina. But it is not such an energy, which so unsexes a woman, though there may be much that is glorious in it, that we need to study. It is but seldom, perhaps never, in our day, that such an energy is needed. It is woman's office now, rather to strive to arouse the spirit of peace, than to stir up men to war, like Joan of Arc. It is the energy of every day life that we need to get: the energy which can surmount the difficulties with which the daily path of woman is beset; the energy which will enable us to do our duty faithfully, fully, entirely, by every member of society with whom we are connected. It may seem at first but a small thing to acquire energy enough for this. It may seem to many hardly worth considering, or talking about. Performing the duties of a humdrum every-day life with energy? why, the very idea is preposterous, some will say: but an energetically useful life is never humdrum. And the domestic life of a woman affords infinite opportunities of doing good which a Joan of Arc must forego entirely. Poets from time immemorial have sung in praise of woman's beauty; of dark eyes, and soft hair and graceful forms and sweet voices. But the picture of a noble, energetic woman, prepared for every occasion which demands strength and patience and self-possession, is infinitely more admirable. And the world will have grown wiser and better, when this shall be the poet's theme rather than outward beauty. I know of no earthly model more worthy a young girl's study, than such a woman. There are some such in the world, and their worth is felt. Adversity often calls out such an energy in woman, which might have slumbered forever in the home of prosperity. Do we not often see women in prosperous life, dependent, weak, almost helpless, from this defect in their characters? And yet even though for themselves there is nothing to be done, and servants are ready to answer every demand of themselves and of the friends by whom they are surrounded, is there not a wide field yet left? and much, much for them to do in the world?

"Are there no beggars at your gate?

Nor any poor about your lands?

Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,

Or teach the orphan girl to sew."

Girls are not taught that they have a work to do in this life. They see their brothers educated to take part in the business of the world. They choose, from the various occupations, one as their *business*, and devote themselves to it. But their sisters have no such purpose before

them. If they are the children of wealthy parents, they are amply provided for. No particular exertion is required of them ; and unless a girl wakes up and opens her eyes upon the world around her, she sees nothing for her to do but to amuse herself, until she marries. And then still, unless sickness enters her family and awakens her fears for those she loves, as long as wealth lasts, the feeling is the same,—that she is to do what pleases her best. In this country, however, the greater proportion are called upon, most happily for them, from early life, to assist in the labors of the household. And though they may not act from principle, yet are they compelled in practice to become *business* women. Happy for them, if they do not look upon their more wealthy and more inactive associates, as the most fortunate. A new idea is now prevailing in the world, and they who accomplish the most, not they who do the least, are to be most respected.

But having entered upon, and sharing in the busy affairs of daily life, why does a woman require much energy to do faithfully her part ? Do not many women get along very comfortably and quietly in the world, keeping their houses very neat and their children very clean, and yet having not much energy withal ? Ah ! but do they accomplish all *this* with patience, with unruffled temper ? Do they make use of every opportunity and every fortunate moment for strengthening their children's characters, as well as keeping them clean and well dressed ? Do they elevate their own hearts, and find time to cultivate their own intellects, as well as keep their houses in order, and their tables well provided for ? If they do all this, then they *have* energy, and the right sort of energy too, though they are never so quiet about it.

There is many a bustling woman, with a house wearing a neat appearance, who will entertain you for an hour with what she has accomplished ; will tell you of her pickles and pies, of her good management of her household, and her plans of economy, until you are led to think her a perfect pattern of thrift and industry ; who yet, if you ask her if she has read the last new work, will answer that she never finds time to read ; and whom you will find scolding her servants, and getting into a passion about the most trivial details of household work. Such a woman wastes the energy God has given her. A truly energetic woman finds time to lift herself above the mere routine of life ; to cultivate her intellect and to teach her children to look beyond this world. She strives to set an example of patience and forbearance. By her own deeds, as well as by her good advice, she seeks to teach those looking up to her the value of every passing moment. *Her* energy shows itself in her promptness upon every occasion, in her self-control in trying moments, in her ready thoughtfulness when sudden illness calls upon her to act. Her energy

helps her to struggle against weakness of body ; and in spite of languor and debility, to fulfil her duties. Such an energy is sometimes shown even in very young persons. I heard of a girl, who at fifteen, that she might not be a burden to those she loved, supported herself by teaching French, not to children only, but to young men and women : and she accomplished this too, while struggling with a consumptive constitution.

It requires energy in women to retain health, by those practices of out of door exercise which are said to be so much neglected in this country. Woman's occupation is all within doors ; and as she is not peremptorily called out, as men are, she is apt to remain too much in the house, and thus acquire a habit which it is very difficult to overcome. How often is it said, "I suppose I should be better if I went out more ; but I dislike so much to walk ! it is so much trouble, and takes so much time to ride and walk for one's health !" And so the invalid goes on, week after week, suffering with nervousness and headache and low spirits, which might be cured if she would but rouse her energy and go into the open air. How many miserable constitutions might have been hardened and invigorated and made healthy, if in early life woman had but overcome her listlessness and sedentary habits, and found energy enough to adopt the true means for attaining health.

This energy of character must be attained by beginning early in life. It is for the young girl to adopt, as a principle, the endeavor to improve the power which God has given her, to gain that which shall make her a noble woman. Let her not waste her time in idle dreaming, or in foolish romance, but—

"Still hope ! still act ! be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood."

S.

REASONS FOR BEING A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

THERE seems, at this time, to be a general call for Sunday school teachers, for faithful and efficient ones. Especially in our free chapels is the want of them felt. We will not now present the peculiar and pressing claims of these schools, claims that are strong on every lover of humanity. We will not, now, make the appeal, which we would we had an angel's tongue to utter, to the many sons and daughters of affluence, who, from luxurious homes can come in gorgeous apparel, and go up to their "house of God" to worship ; who, while

generously feeding the poor, and clothing the naked bodies ; yet feel no personal responsibility for perishing souls. We will not, now, dwell on this point, but taking a general view, aim to show why it is worth while to be a Sunday School teacher.

Said a minister of the Gospel to a body of teachers, "If you would draw others to your ranks, show why it is worth while to be a teacher." And teachers only can do this. Therefore we bring together a few facts in our narrow experience to this end. We will quote from a journal which is open to us.

"Sunday, June 29th, 18—. We were called to-day to the chamber of the sick. The oppressive fragrance of flowers, softened by distance, is let in through the open door. The light is given guardedly. The little table is spread with the luscious fruits of the season, such, it would seem, as God made for the sick palate and enfeebled appetite of the invalid. The rich, cool linen, on the lofty bed, seems to insure repose. Alas, seldom until the morning watch, can the emaciated form of her who sits buried, almost, in the thick folds of her lolling-chair, be laid there. The Pastor sits beside her. He has been our shepherd all our life-time. We have known no other fold than his. He laid his hand upon our infant heads in baptism ; he has stood with us in our bridals and burials ; our hearts are laid upon his without fear and without guile. We will listen reverently to his words. He tells of Heaven, its peace, its joy. "*There*," he says, "nothing that disturbeth can enter—no sorrow, no sickness, no tears. *Here*, we abide precariously. All without us must pass away ; all bears the stamp of mortality. *Here*, we must endure fears, and pains, and bitter griefs. We are sore beset. But God remembereth our frame,—that we are but dust and ashes. He pitieth us, and layeth away the body in peace, and calleth our souls to himself. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' And it will come in the right time, not too soon, not too late. God knoweth when. Blessed for us, that he is infinite in power, as in wisdom. Let us make ready for our departure." See the light shades come and go over the pallid brow that is consciously bared before the hand of death,—to be touched and fall to ashes. She knows that she must die. That difficult respiration, that hollow voice, is not caused by any emotion ; it is the progress of disease. The thin, transparent hand supports the cushioned head, and the deep, sunken, blue eye, ever and anon, looks up steadfastly, on the strong, solemnly-marked face of the speaker, where under the almost courtly elegance of a habit of refined society we see the flashings of that religious zeal of the old Covenanters, which held life and death as nought, compared with God's glorifying. The minister prays.

Lifted up on his earnest words are parents and friends. Ah, they will soon need the resignation, the support, that he asks. Only as that thought in the heart, "Father thy will be done," grows clearer and deeper, can the agonizing struggles of the wearing, trying hours of mortal sickness be escaped. And then, not entirely. Through all barriers, the stream of grief will sometimes gush forth.

We are reminded now of a time, many years past, when we stood thus, in our mother's dying room, and the same solemn voice commended her and us to God, the Just and Good. "Pardon her sins," was the prayer. Then, for the first time, came a realizing sense that "all men have sinned." If such must be the prayer, (and we felt it just and true,) for one of the purest spirits ever clothed in humanity, then do we all need pardoning mercy. We will not weep now though our heart lies as before an open grave. The pastor's benediction rests upon us all, and he is gone. Now let us leave our friend alone, with God and her own soul. She is not afraid, and so death is robbed of its terrors, and for her it is better to depart and be with Christ. As we part, an almost inaudible whisper is in our ears,—“It will be good for you to be here.” May God grant it: and already he has. In these memories of the past, in these in-lookings, where past, present and future lie, is our safety amid a world whose soil is thick with encumbering and noxious growths. Yes, it will be good for us to have sat in the chamber of mortal sickness,—to have seen the secret places of another's soul without the veil of the world's formalities and follies. Even the wise restraints of society are unimportant and valueless there, where only God, and the soul's best friends, visit it.

Need we now point out why it was worth while for the suffering, dying occupant of that room to have been a teacher? Let us add her assurance, that her Sabbath school connections were a solace, during all her long passage through the "dark valley." Also, was it not well for those who might stand by?

Do you object now that, with all who plead the value of religious observances and institutions, we have presented it only in the solemn season of sickness and death? It is a noted fact that ministers, when they are met on any festive occasion, are gay, even to heartier merriment, than men are wont to indulge in. That they enjoy it with a zest unknown in a circle of laymen. If you would add to your powers of social enjoyment, it is worth your while to become a teacher. Are not the reasons obvious enough to admit our passing them over?

Come now to a pleasant, simple home, unostentatious in its show, yet refined and not inelegant in its array of furniture, books, paintings and flowers,—such an one as many, with better balanced minds, might

easily afford. May the time soon come when the importance and practicability of pleasantly appointed homes shall be more generally felt? Here is a baptism. A beautiful babe is introduced into the visible church of God on earth,—a candidate for the true, invisible church in Heaven. The fair young mother, with a pale and tearful, yet happy face, presents her child to the kiss of the teacher of her own early years. 'Twas but a short season past, and she, as the bright-eyed, romping girl, was wont to join, on the clear Sabbath morning, her teacher and class. How firm, how beautiful is the affection, with which she now, as then, confides the movements of her heart to that true friend, one who has proved herself such, through sunshine and shadow! Does the teacher remember now her fears and despondencies? Does she not rather say in the depths of her heart, "It is worth while for me to have been a teacher?"

Once more, come into the Sunday School. Here is our Pastor's wife. There, at the head of the room, she once sat as teacher. And her class,—where is it scattered? You may count one after another of them if you will glance over the room, as faithful and devoted teachers. They are in the spring of life, cultivated in mind and heart, affluent in the gentle graces of the Christian. See how their eyes brighten on her entrance; how eagerly they receive the little one by her side, how they cluster around her as the services are ended. There is a devotion so absolute, that there is need to repeat the Saviour's warning, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." They would run with swift feet on her bidding, they would watch through wearisome nights, and labor through the day, for her. The whole language of their hearts is, "When thou art in darkness, then am I willingly with thee." How near they are brought to their Pastor in this affection; how effectually is his interest and co-operation secured to the school by it! And how the teachers bear out this love among the congregation, and "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump!" In view of the wide responsibilities of her station, does she not say, "it is worth while to have been a teacher?"

Be not disappointed with these simple and every day experiences; they are blessed ones. If you would earn them, if you would have the assurance of having been a comforter and friend in virtuous, and an angel of mercy in vicious homes—if you would have the promise of Jesus fulfilled on your soul, come ye—labor in the "acre of our God." Behold it is white already unto the harvest.

s. w.

ELEGIAC LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER READING REV. MR. ALLEN'S SERMON ON THE DEATH OF
MIGUEL ARANGUREN, WHO WAS DROWNED IN JAMAICA POND,
JULY 7, 1845.

Oh cold, ever cold, is that young heart's warm beating,
And damp on thy brow lie the tresses of jet;
And over the light of that dark eye's glad beaming
In darkness forever death's shadows have set.

Far away, far away from the home of thy childhood
The blue waves have clasped thee to sleep on their breast,
And beyond the bright sky, with their anthems of glory
The angels have lulled thee to heavenly rest.

Oh mourn we, oh mourn we, thy light-ringing laughter,
The out-gushing gladness of innocent glee,
Thy step's airy lightness, thy smile of bright beauty,—
Oh mourn we, oh mourn we, young stranger, for thee!

Oh brightly the roses of summer are blooming,
And idly the waves sweep our rock-girdled shore,
And our green isles are clad in their sunshine and beauty,—
But thou wilt return,—never more, never more!

Yet, oft as we wander through green wood and valley,
And oft as we sail o'er our sun-jewelled sea,
Oh spirit, bright spirit, be thou ever near us
To win us to Heaven, to call us to thee!

The flowers thou hast gathered are faded and broken!
Not thus in our hearts shall thy memory dwell;
Ah no! we will join in one heart-gushing sadness,
In breathing with blessings, young stranger, farewell!

J. W. D.

OUR DUTIES TO THE POOR.

A SERMON, BY REV. CHARLES A. FARLEY.

JOHN xii. 8. The poor ye have always with you; but me ye have not always.

JESUS had been the intimate friend of a family in Bethany, apparently in prosperous circumstances. That family seems to have been composed of only three persons, a brother and two sisters, attached to each other by the warmest affection. Our Lord shared largely in their regard, and cordially reciprocated it. With universal benevolence, none ever felt more entirely the value of private partialities and friendships. Had he, retaining all other traits of his character, manifested only a general regard for the race, without any special regard for individuals, he might have awakened equal reverence, but he would assuredly never have enlisted so strongly the sympathy and love of human hearts. It is because they see the man, as well as the Messiah, the friend, as well as the Saviour, the heart of fine sensibilities, as well as the divine wisdom of the Teacher, and the divine power of the Worker of miracles, that men are drawn to Jesus as disciples. He might have seemed to us as a cold, distant, and merely official being, if he had not shown us the strength of his private and personal affection. We are therefore expressly told that "he loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." When Lazarus was ill unto death, the sisters sent for him saying, "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick." After the death of his friend he hastens to comfort the bereaved, and wrought the wonderful miracle which restored their brother from the grave, established their own faith, and made him still more the object of their affection.

Soon after this event, and with the full conviction that his own death was at hand, he returned to Bethany as if to take a last farewell of this excellent family. While at supper, Mary, with the irresistible promptings of her woman's heart, overflowing with gratitude for obligations which she well knew nothing could repay, "took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

But Judas was there, and his avaricious soul, insensible to the holy beauty of the act, exclaims at the extravagance. Coveting the money for which the ointment might have been exchanged, and which probably he would have basely used, he finds fault with the irreligious appropriation. With characteristic hypocrisy he is at once all benevolence. It was scandalous thus idly to waste what cost so large a sum of money.

Why was it not sold, and the proceeds given to the poor? A pertinent question for him to ask who knew very well that his Master himself was poor, so poor that he at times had not where to lay his head. How generous thus to remember the poor, when this very man, who carried the purse which contained the contributions of the charitable for their relief, was himself a thief, and could even steal from the poor! Worse still, while prating of benevolence, he is ready, for less than half the sum he named, to sell his best friend.

But he who was anointed by God to preach his Gospel to the poor, was not the person to permit himself to be anointed by a woman that he might defraud the poor. Money has other and equally holy uses, besides relieving poverty, and some of it without selfishness might have a blessed use in manifesting gratitude to One who had restored a beloved brother from the grave to his almost heart-broken sisters, in confirming their faith in his divine mission as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world—their Saviour in every sense, at one and the same moment giving back their brother, and teaching them the sublime doctrine of immortality. Though Mary perhaps did not know that the death of this priceless friend was near, yet her anointing, to our Saviour's mind, had a deep and awful significance. While he could not rebuke an act which in itself must have been grateful to him, simply as a mark of Mary's affection, it savored to him at the same time of an embalming for his burial. 'Fear not' is the spirit of his reply, 'that those who compose this family will forget the poor. This very act is a pledge that they will not. The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always. Let her alone, therefore. I accept this last office of grateful affection. And verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.' How true the words! Centuries have elapsed, "and the odor of that ointment has filled the world."

We are witnesses at this day of the truth of both assertions of our Saviour, that the poor are with his disciples always, and that he is not with them always. The first is a plain matter of fact, and requires hardly more than a simple statement. It has been a matter of fact in all ages and in all communities, and so it must always be, till that spiritual millennium arrives, whose precise date it is given to no mortal man to anticipate. Except that they are all the children of One God, and in his sight form one great brotherhood, the condition of men in this world is in no single respect the condition of absolute equality. In physical, intellectual and spiritual privileges even, there is a vast difference; and as the possession of property depends to a great extent upon

each and all of these conditions, and upon innumerable accidental contingencies, rich and poor there must be, from the necessity of the case, and as the appointment of Providence. In each class will there be every grade, from perfect competence to enormous wealth, and from the uncomplaining and patient toil that earns a subsistence and nothing over, to that poverty which beginning with those who from any cause cannot procure of themselves even their daily bread, ends with the beggar who walks in rags, and suffers from the most utter destitution. All of these poor it is the duty and the privilege of every Christian community, and of every individual in that community who can, to remember and provide for, with a discriminating, but with a ready and cheerful liberality.

Our Saviour indeed in personal presence is no longer with his disciples, but he is with them in spirit to the end of the world. We can no longer depend upon seeing a few loaves and fishes converted by a miracle into an ample supply for hungry thousands, and the most dreadful diseases disappear by a word or a touch. It is well that we cannot. For it is the office of Jesus to communicate to us his benevolent spirit, and teach us to sympathize with and help the poor ourselves. And here his death may do more for us than his life. How often now is the best character unappreciated, till death has opened our eyes to its worth. If no man is a hero to his own servant, for the same reason no man is a saint to those who are with him always. They see his weaknesses, and familiarity makes them insensible to his virtues. Some shade of suspicion is apt to attach itself to his best actions. Prejudice refuses its homage. Jealousy is always ready to find fault. The genius that was once admired, has lost its novelty, and we see only an ordinary man. The messiahs of all ages have been calumniated or murdered. Which of their prophets have men not stoned, or dug down their altars? Which of their greatest philosophers, poets, inventors, statesmen, have they not beheaded, or burned, or imprisoned, or starved? The "good Socrates" was poisoned. The "divine Plato" was accused of the worst crimes. The eloquent Cicero, the "saviour of his country," was banished. The Athenians grew tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just." Have Jews and Christians been more merciful? But as in natural chemistry every pure ingredient necessary to any desirable composition is retained in happy union, while every noxious particle is separated, and falls off, so there is a spiritual chemistry which by the process of death separates all error and frailty from the good, and retains character in its perfection. It may be poetry but it is not truth, that

"The evil men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

It may be so sometimes, not oftentimes. Rather is it true, that the good lives after them and the evil dies. The Roman orator spoke the true sentiment of mankind when he said, "Say nothing of the dead but what is good." It is honorable to human nature that however men may feel towards the living, they are generally disposed to do justice to the dead, to forget and to forgive their errors and their sins, and to think only of their virtues. Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Aristides still live. They are immortal. Their works have followed them. Goodness is in its very nature imperishable, and those who were insensible to it when it moved before them in a living form, are awakened to its reality when it is removed from their sight. Then they bless it. Then they devoutly imitate it.

In Jesus there was nothing to excuse, palliate or forgive. In that character there was no spot or blemish, yet not even his own disciples thoroughly knew him, till after his death and ascension to Heaven. "Then they remembered his words." Then their eyes were opened to his immaculate goodness, and the world have an assurance of it to which they could never arrive while he walked among them as a man. And now that he has left us an example of benevolence that we should walk in his steps, we should endeavor to fulfil our mission as he fulfilled his.

We were made and placed in this world each in his position, for no other purpose than to lead a true life, a just, benevolent, pure, unselfish life, as children of God, as all neighbors, all brothers, all Christ's disciples. Having freely received we must freely give: give to make the world wiser, better, happier, of our time, our money, our faculties, our privileges, as talents lent on trust, not to be wrapped in a napkin, and hidden in the earth, but to be put in wide circulation, and profitably invested in noble deeds, so that He who gave us the rich loan, may receive it back at his pleasure with interest. No man liveth to himself. His life is not his, but God's; and when not employed according to the true intentions of the Giver, it is not life at all, but disease and death. It is not merely a mistake and a falsehood, it is the saddest and fearfullest of crimes. That a true life is a good life, that all true work is to work in God's way, and that the measure of our obligation is the measure of our ability, is the great conviction we need. Our prayers, our preaching, and our Sabbath solemnities, are otherwise "lying vanities," and our Christianity more fatal than heathenism, for the saving efficacy of Christ's principles, teachings, labors, sufferings and death lies solely in this, that our lives become one with his, that the love wherewith he loved us, be reflected in our own love to our fellow men. "No man has worked, no man can work except religiously, not even the poor

day-laborer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men if they work not as in a Great Task-Master's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and the world."

The wealthy have their mission. It is a high and delightful one where they acknowledge its responsibilities. Their influence when rightly directed, can hardly be overrated, for with them every vital interest of society is bound up. Industry, education, religion, philanthropy, are commissioned by them to execute their blessed errands. If they please, they can send a healthy circulation through the entire body of the world. They can send out truth upon all subjects upon the wings of the wind, and open the way to universal emancipation from the sorest evils that afflict the earth. We are not speaking simply of those who have enormous wealth. Wealth is a comparative term. What is wealth in one place is but competence in another, and what is competence in one place, is elsewhere poverty; but we speak of every man in every community, whose industry is productive enough, or whose property, however obtained, ample enough to do any thing more than meet the reasonable demands of himself and his family. It is not for the community to judge of what he is able to do for the welfare of others. This he must of course decide for himself according to his conscience and best judgment as enlightened by the Christian Scriptures. But his mission is to have a constant and careful regard to all the circumstances in which he is placed, and then to minister to the physical, mental and moral necessities which are crying to him for relief, to the full measure of his ability. What nobler aim can any man have, than to elevate the ignorant to self-respect, and help them to turn to account every faculty they possess? It is mournful to think how much deserving and costly material there is everywhere about us, that is suffered to run to waste, to exhaust itself in a life of idleness or vice, from the want of a little sympathy, and of even the plainest and humblest education. It is the chief glory of New England that every year this want is more amply provided for, and they will experience the fullest gratitude of mankind, the most blessed satisfaction to themselves, and the sure favor of God, who, besides relieving the wants of the body, carry this priceless blessing into the families of the poor. No surer entrance into the kingdom of Heaven can there be, than through the disinterested benevolence which has remembered the poor, enlightened their ignorance, encouraged their industry, comforted them in their sorrows, and by a hearty interest in their welfare, given them confidence in themselves, a kindlier feeling to their race, and a stronger faith in God. These are the saints whose virtues belong not to this or that community, but to the world. They are the "bright particular stars" which are seldom found in clusters,

but are scattered throughout the spiritual heaven, that all may see and delight in their illumination. Such men are known. Go where they will, they are not strangers. The old and the young rise up to do them reverence. When the eye sees them it blesses them. When the ear hears them it bears witness to them. When they leave the world, the odor of their sanctity embalms their memories from generation to generation, and in Heaven they have a mission of still purer blessedness.

We are advocating in these remarks the largest Christian benevolence, and not mere alms-giving. And yet it is extremely common to speak, if not in a sneering, at least in a disparaging tone, of this kind of charity. But it is clear that providing for the lowest and immediately pressing wants of the poor, is an indispensable pre-requisite to rendering them any higher service. A hungry man, or one perishing with cold, is in no condition at the moment, to receive either mental or moral instruction. Give him bread and a good fire, and you may then teach to some purpose. Hunger and cold and nakedness are among the heaviest burdens and the most serious afflictions which any of God's children are called to bear; and apart from the extreme cases of utter destitution, there is an untold amount of suffering, where, as is often the case, the best exertions procure but a scanty and precarious subsistence. Comfortless dwellings that even the best fires will never warm, though they may afford a decent shelter from the driving storm, narrow accommodations for large households, and numberless other evils inseparable from poverty in its best estate, are no trifles—they are sore calamities. Sickness too and bereavement are to such persons more grievous than to others. And, besides that, we should have pity on those who have no pity on themselves; we should remember that there are virtuous poor; that many have taken up this cross, and borne it with a divine meekness, patience and trust in God, who has opened for them a way to bear these trials, though they cannot wholly overcome them. He has sent the Comforter to assure them of his presence, and the world has often witnessed a strength of mind, a touching and uncomplaining serenity and an unfaltering faith among the poor which passeth understanding. A sunshine and peace has dwelt in their hearts and in their homes, which is often missed in the abodes of plenty, and in the palaces of the rich. Is it not a privilege to help such of our brethren?

Gratitude to God demands of the prosperous that they should remember the poor. We regard that child as utterly worthless and wicked who has no sense of filial obligation, but simply lives out his own selfishness, who forgets the love which has watched over his cradle, and carried him safely through the dependence of childhood and youth, nursed him in sickness, supplied not only necessary wants, but every

comfort and gratification, and repays it with a thankless and shameless life, not only doing no good to society, but cursing it in its most vital interests, by an example of contemptible idleness, of profligate meanness or of prodigal waste. Rightly does the slow-moving finger of scorn point out such a child as "given over to a reprobate mind," a heartless, graceless, lost being. But this is an exact illustration of that mournful ingratitude to God, which is everywhere around us. For how many have arrived at twenty, at thirty, or at fourscore years, who have all this time been thus watched over, thus protected, thus provided for, in mind, body and estate, by the free and large bounty of their Heavenly Father, who have devoted, and are still devoting, their health, their strength of body, the fine powers of their mind, and their affections, to low and selfish ends; thinking of nothing but to eat, drink and be merry, to add dollar to dollar, and house to house, to freight their vessels with precious goods, looking for large returns, to fill their barns with plenty, and their warehouses with merchandise, to surround themselves with the manifold comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life, and give costly entertainments to their friends and neighbors. This is their life. Who will say that it is the life God intended any of his children to live? Society may point no finger of scorn. It may regard such men as good citizens, and flatter and caress them, but their heavy guilt is recorded in Heaven's book of remembrance, and before the bar of Almighty God, they must one day make what apology they can. Will they then plead the cares of the world, their good intentions, or their unavoidable forgetfulness, that they have loved those who loved them, and done good to those who have done good to them, that they have been no Sabbath-breakers, have prayed, and fasted, and kept the ordinances? The searching questions will be, "Hast thou loosed the bands of wickedness? undone the heavy burdens? Hast thou dealt thy bread to the hungry, and brought the poor that were cast out to thine house? When thou sawest the naked, didst thou cover him? When thy suffering brother came to plead with thee, didst thou not hide thyself from thine own flesh?"

It cannot be right, it cannot be safe for those who call themselves Christians, enjoying not comfort merely, but superfluity, with no care for the morrow, to be utterly regardless of those who within a short distance from their well-furnished rooms, their well-stored cellars, and their cheerful fires, are silently pleading to Heaven and earth, to have compassion on their misery, who, it is needless to say, never taste a luxury their lives long, shut out from all pleasant company and the refinements and embellishments which others prize so dearly and find necessary to their hourly comfort, who know nothing of joyous holidays

and social gatherings, the excitement of the dance, and "the voices of singing men and singing women," but sit in cheerless, damp and crazy dwellings, poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly warmed; infirm and lonely old age, despairing fathers and mothers, surrounded by despairing children in wretched ignorance, and perhaps still more wretched vice.

We have only one more consideration to offer. Our Saviour was the Friend of the poor. He came it is true to bless all classes, but he felt intensely for the sufferings of these neglected and sorrowing ones of his Father's children. He felt that he was anointed to preach his Gospel to the poor, to bind up their broken hearts, to lighten the heavy burdens under which they groaned, and plant in their souls a faith which should triumph over every outward calamity. He chose his apostles and intimate companions from the poor. For the poor he wrought many of his benevolent miracles, and the Gospels are full of his unwearied devotion to their welfare. No rags, no filth, no loathsome disease, no phrenzy of insanity, no frightful vice, no base ingratitude even, could drive him from their doors. How few of the best of Christians can fully act up, we do not say to the letter, but to the spirit of his parables, in their behalf. Put any construction on their words we please, we cannot escape the conviction that they require the most tender, constant, generous and considerate regard to the comfort and happiness of the poorest of the poor. The soul of his Gospel is benevolence. It offers no hopes of Heaven to those who remember not justice, mercy, love. The denunciatory language found in the New Testament is often applied from the pulpit to heresies of opinion, but it was applied by Christ to heresies of practice. We remember no words of this kind more fearful than he addressed to the selfishness which turned away from those who were "an hungered, or athirst, or naked, or sick, or in prison," and "did not minister" to them.

We are taught lessons of a large benevolence in all the written and unwritten revelations of God. The heavens bend in beauty and in blessing over all. Those greater and those lesser lights of that brilliant firmament shine upon all. Everywhere from its centre to its circumference throughout the universe, an infinite love and compassion encompasses, fills, and blesses all. That religion which is the giver of all solid joys, the sure and steadfast anchor to our souls, in all seasons of affliction, which inspires the peace that passeth understanding, and the hopes that are full of immortality, is the religion for all. The disposition of God herein manifested, should be imitated by his children. "Oh it is great, and there is no other greatness, to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God, to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier. It is work for a God."*

* Carlyle's "Past and Present," p. 296.

LONGING.

BY REV. GEORGE F. SIMMONS.

Ah! from out this valley's prison,
 By the chilling mist oppressed,
 Were I once released and risen,
 Ah! how deeply were I blessed!
 Yon I see a fair dominion
 Ever green and ever gay;
 Had I but the strong bird's pinion,
 Towards those hills I'd fly away.

Heavenly music, rest-bestowing,
 Sounds, as when an angel sings;
 And all the winds that thence are flowing
 Bring me sweetness on their wings.
 Fruits I see, which golden-glowing
 Half in shading leaves are lost,
 And the flowers which there are blowing,
 Blight beneath no winter's frost.

Ah! how sweet it were to wander
 On that green and sunny shore!
 For the air that circles yonder
 Would the drooping heart restore.
 But between, a stream dark-pouring
 Rages o'er a rocky bed;
 Dashing waves' tumultuous roaring
 Quells my sighing soul with dread.

Lo! a boat there riding safely!
 But, alas, the boatman fails!
 Courage! in! undaunted, bravely!
 Viewless spirits swell the sails!
 Dare! for know the Gods prepare thee
 Safety which they do not sell!
 Only a miracle can bear thee
 To the land of miracle.

The above little poem of Schiller's, (*Sehnsucht*) has been often translated into English. One of our papers (*Christian World*, Sept. 20) lately presented us with two translations of it, one of which was from *Blackwood*; and another version, not by any means the least good, is inserted in Dwight's "Selections

from Goethe and Schiller." Attracted by these attempts once more to the original, it seemed to me that more of its spirit might be infused into the translation, and in the above I have endeavored after this, and have at the same time preserved exactly the rhythm, and so far as I could, the emphasis. In Blackwood the alternate lines begin with a short syllable, which greatly interrupts the melody; and here and there sentimental epithets are interspersed.

GREATNESS IN OBSCURITY.

BY REV. T. B. FOX.

THE loftiest virtue, the noblest devotion to duty may, sometimes, be found among those lowly in the eyes of men, in places quite obscure, according to the superficial judgments of this world,—even in sufferers whose whole life is, apparently, but obedience to the precept "patient in tribulation." This is the truth I wish briefly to illustrate.

The senses and material things have their uses. They furnish a medium and instruments for the intercommunion of soul with soul whilst here in the body. They afford means whereby the thoughts of the mind, the volitions of the will, the decisions of the conscience, the affections of the heart may utter themselves, audibly, visibly, intelligibly. They act upon the spirit within: and the spirit within acts through and upon them: that thus its life may be both developed and expressed. But the senses and material things have their dangers: and are not always our friends. They sometimes tempt us, cheat us, persuade us to believe they *are* or can obtain all the wealth or the best wealth we can covet. Not unfrequently they hide far more than they reveal of reality and truth. One of the mistakes into which they betray us, is the very bad mistake of estimating the worth of virtue by the extent of the field over which it moves, the elevation on which it stands, the splendors with which it is arrayed. So we look for all heroism in the wrong direction.

Few really feel, for example, that John Pounds, the poor, crippled shoemender and gratuitous teacher of hundreds of destitute children, was a *great man*:—so great that they would esteem it an elevation of themselves into a better condition, could they be like him and equal to him in his virtues, even if they were obliged to be like him in his humble and straitened estate. However highly most may and must esteem moral excellence, there are many who do not render to it supreme reverence or passionately thirst after it, whatever its clothing or environ-

ments. Hence their moral judgments are often unsound, and a pernicious error runs through all their purposes and beliefs. They cannot see that prince and beggar may be side by side in the same sink of pollution or upon the same mountain-top of holiness. They cannot see that, in a deeper and higher sense than the poet meant, worth and worth alone makes the *man* and want of worth the fellow. Take from the gutter, as it were, the coarse, degraded, brutal man,—take from the drawing-room the courteous, polite, plausible sensualist: let them stand together—and how few would say they are alike debased,—fit companions in iniquity? Yet is it not so? Try them both by the same tests. Address to them both the highest spiritual truths; call upon them both for humble worship of God; endeavor to bring out from the bosoms of both a disinterested affection; strive to make them both answer the appeals of noble principles—to bend reverently before the perfections of Christ;—can you get a genuine response to your efforts from one more readily than from the other: though the one may have many of the amenities and conventional graces of polished life,—be a gentleman, as the phrase is,—and the other may be as coarse in language and manners as he is in raiment. Are not their *souls* alike palsied, deadened, sensualized? Are they not both of the earth—earthly? Because sin, under some circumstances, loses its unblushing and impudent grossness, it does not cease to be sin. God's eye of truth can see the frozen heart of selfishness, the enslaved heart of worldliness, or the hard heart of avarice, beating with the low pulse that indicates the nearness of spiritual death, as well beneath the glittering apparel of wealthy iniquity, as beneath the rough coat of the vagabond. The question and the only question asked at the judgment seat of truth is, *What* hast thou been?—not, *Where* hast thou been?

Now, this question, whilst it overturns many men's false estimation of themselves, leads them to find brother-sinners among those whom they have treated with contempt and disgust, puts them into the company of the prodigal feeding on husks,—whilst this question thus executes fearful justice in one direction, it does beautiful justice in another direction. For it exalts the humble. It brings out from obscurity, saints and heroes and Christ-like men, and sets them up, where they belong, among the sons of God. It says, Not Pilate, but Jesus, was the prince in the judgment hall: not the Pharisee, but the publican went down to his house justified. It condemns neither poverty nor riches, as such; it censures us not because we are in high places or low places. It simply declares, that wherever a spirit strives to be upright and pure, struggles well with temptation, bears patiently the heavy sorrow, has much faith and much love, there is a true spirit, to be revered as good and

great. The sound doctrine of Christianity is—"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much:" because it is the inward purpose and principle—what is unseen rather than what is seen, which makes men great or little, good or bad. An exemplification of this doctrine will be found by unfolding the proposition with which I began.

As already intimated, there are lives that seem to be only lives of endurance: in which the whole being is apparently concentrated in the one grace of fortitude. They are passive lives: they bear, rather than act. Here and there a fellow mortal quits the restless crowd; retires from the busy world: and is no more seen at large among men. He has been touched by disease or infirmity. Those powers which have given him strength to walk abroad, to take part in the movements of society, are weakened. He is crippled, deformed, diseased. He cannot engage in the rough work of ordinary existence, and must shrink for the rest of his days into the cell of sickness. Most men forget him. He is known only to a few kindred and near friends. Such a case, therefore, is not sought out or noticed as a case wherein the human soul becomes very lovely, very great, very noble. There is no light shining out from the secluded home to attract the attention of the multitude. There is no splendor of deeds—no eloquence of words—no broad stage and gorgeous scenery to delight and dazzle the senses. In a low voice, in a few quiet acts, in uniform calmness and resignation, the inward man now gives outward form to his motives, feelings and determinations. So the great tide of human affairs and human beings rushes by his hidden abode, regarding it as little, as the swift river thinks of the exquisite flower blooming in the hidden nook on its banks, or the thunder-toned cataract heeds the low, sweet note of the bird coming from the shadowy grove that borders its walls of rock.

Yet, if we will quit the busier scenes of life and seek out such an involuntary recluse, the Christian tenant of the sick room, we should discover genuine greatness:—we should see the human soul giving ample and trustworthy evidence of its high origin and high destination. To do this, I grant, we must think; and by thinking learn to refer a small number of unostentatious external phenomena to great inward principles and holiest sentiments as their source. To understand such cases as I allude to, we must remind ourselves that the most perfect peace is the result of high and harmonious life; that calmness is indicative of energy; that the placidity of fortitude is the product of a mighty force of will exercised in self-control. The deep, resistless stream generally wears an unruffled surface, because it is deep and in motion,—not because it is shallow and stagnant. So it is, sometimes, with the human soul; the evenness and serenity it manifests is the offspring of strength. The

divine example of this truth is Jesus Christ. Without pausing, now, to inquire why or how it is, we can safely say, that the same impression is made upon all who rightly study his life. There is a repose and equanimity about it. There are no outbreaks—no violent excitements—no changefulness. It moves on, as a whole, steadily and quietly. It is all calm, serious, peaceful; and yet with this, producing this, we perceive there was great force of purpose, strong sense of duty, warmest affections, keenest sensibilities. The spirit of Jesus, pervaded and sanctified by clearest conceptions of truth, was always in full and obedient *activity*. He stood up before the world perfect and without sin. He was able to say under every trial, "Thy will be done." He could endure the agony in the garden, the contempt and heartlessness of the "judgment hall," the death on the cross, patiently, meekly, as a lamb led to the slaughter; he could be oppressed, afflicted, reviled, and yet not open his lips to murmur or complain, because all the powers and faculties of his nature were quickened, strong and pure; not because he was indifferent or insensible.

Now, there have been disciples of Christ, who have, in this respect, in some humble measure, imitated their Master; and such are instances of moral greatness.

I am aware that disease sometimes causes a lassitude which looks like the patience of principle. But it is not, of course, these cases I have in mind, as I write. I am thinking of those—and a few such I have known—whose tribulations have continued for years—of those compelled to *learn* to watch and wait—of those called upon to *reconcile* themselves to the hard lot of uninterrupted deprivations or sufferings. In the Providence of God, a sentence of banishment from healthful and busy life comes to them. They are sent away into retirement, with pain for their inseparable companion. They may no longer enjoy as others enjoy—be useful as others are useful. Few things external shall be for their pleasure or comfort. They *must* commune with their own hearts and *be still*. Wherever such a trial as this is well and faithfully met, is there not an exalted form of excellence—is there not greatness of the highest sort? You will think so on a moment's reflection.

God alone knows what struggles and strivings, what anxieties, hopes and fears are going on within the lonely bosom; how hard the soul has to toil with itself, to be cheerful and at peace. The unseen conflict may be long and terrible, before serenity is obtained as a victory and a habit. Oh! how imperfectly we understand—how poorly we appreciate some of the workings of the soul in the hours of its severest discipline. Who can tell what is going on in the deep places of some spirits: who can tell through what thought, efforts of will, wrestlings with passion

and tremblings of faith, the lesson of submission and fortitude is, at last, learned? Who can tell how heavy is that cross many are called to take up and bear in silence, alone, where no mortal eye or sympathy reaches,—if they would indeed follow Christ? None but those who have been taught by experience can tell this.

And yet we may imagine enough to excite reverence for the patient in tribulation, as among the worthiest and the greatest—the heroes of our race. In the first place, we can conceive of the difficulty of getting reconciled to great deprivations. If you are in the fulness of life, joyous, healthful and happy,—if you can go with free footsteps among your fellows—keenly relish social delights or invigorating toil—if you can welcome, as the strong welcome, the light of every morning, and walk abroad day after day exempt from all infirmity—if you are crowned with plenty, permitted to be at once independent and useful—if, in a word you are well and prosperous—just pause and consider, what it would be in the way of a trial, to see your blessings cut off—to know that for years and until your grave is ready, you must be separated from your present enjoyments, exercised with constant longings which cannot be satisfied, and made a prisoner by reason of infirmity: just pause and consider what this would be to you in the way of a trial; and you can perceive how much is implied in meeting that trial with uncomplaining meekness. To be not despondent, but content: not despairing, but submissive; not fretful, but cheerful, in such a condition,—does it not indicate a noble self-discipline, a glorious triumph of a brave yet humble spirit?

But, again, suppose there is added to this trial of deprivation, the trial of constant or almost constant pain,—the acute inflictions as well as the weakening effects of disease, will not the weight of sorrow become still heavier, and so the moral strength that firmly supports it be more admirable? All know the distractions, of brief illnesses,—the courage required to be firm under a few grasps of crushing suffering. What a demand then must be made on the soul's energies, not only to endure without rebellion, but disinterestedly and even with smiles the illness and sufferings of years. To reach and maintain this condition of character can be no easy task. If, when seen, we do not yield to it religious respect, it must be because the calm result makes us unmindful of the severe process through which that result has been reached. Yet, when he thinks, who does not see that in this willing submission to continuous pain, there is great moral power—even an active heroism? It is the soul overcoming the body and steadily resisting the efforts of physical infirmities to betray it into disobedience or despair. It is the immortal in man rising superior to the mortal—the incorruptible assert-

ing and maintaining its supremacy over the corruptions of the flesh. It is the heart refusing to be made selfish, the affections refusing to be made morbid, by the strongest temptations: and this certainly is greatness.

But equanimity under deprivation and fortitude under the torture of disease is not all in the cases I am considering. There is also seen in them a faith that seldom wavers, a hope that is ever strong, a childlike trust in God, a rational reliance on Christ, a believing prayerfulness, a spiritual vision which pierces the darkness of death and sees a bright Heaven beyond the tomb. The religious sentiment, in all its forms, is pure and active. It prompts to acts of touching disinterestedness. It produces true humility. It makes conscience more and more sensitive. It awakens fervent gratitude for every remaining blessing. It loosens the affections from earthly things, sanctifies with immortality the love of friends, and kindles up aspirations that, as unbroken incense, rise to the Infinite Father. It overthrows the dominion of the senses, and brings out in almost visible beauty the higher and spiritual life.

Instances there are, not only approaching, but quite filling out all that I have sketched, among those who have learned to be patient in multi-form trials. It has been my privilege, as I doubt not it may have been the privilege of the reader, to know and come near those answering in almost every particular to the descriptions I have given—those who bore such loss, were calm under such suffering, exhibited such piety. Is it not true then, as I said, that the loftiest virtue, the noblest devotion to duty, may be found among those lowly in the eyes of men, in places quite obscure according to the superficial judgments of this world?

Now, if by going to the chambers of sickness and solitude, the homes of virtuous poverty, the scenes of humble benevolence, we can be more and more convinced of this truth, till we feel it as well as believe it,—it will do us much good. All need constantly to be reminded that the truest heroes are not those, before whom trumpets are sounded, those around whom gold is piled, or those the report of whose fame comes from the cannon's mouth. All need constantly to be reminded of this fact. It will disclose more clearly the purpose of life, and lead to a juster appreciation of the worth of outward riches. It will tend to bring down pride, lessen vanity and break up selfishness. It will show perchance the narrowness of our conceptions of our own natures, teach us that if we are unfolding no more of our faculties, cherishing no more of our sentiments, than what the present hour seems to demand, we are doing but little to fit ourselves for the whole of our destiny, and leaving undeveloped that which might lift us heavenward and fasten us to the immortal and the eternal. Above all, it will keep renewing our per-

suasion of the unspeakable worth of the human soul, so that we shall keenly feel the iniquity of sacrificing its interests to any of the interests of time and sense, so that we shall perceive that a regard for its welfare in ourselves and others must be the governing principle in every life, which is to be true and fruitful of good. Such will be the tendency of faith in the truth I have been illustrating. And why not have that faith? Looking at its principles and aims, who can conceive of a nobler career than that of Jesus of Nazareth? Have not all sooner or later to be separated from this world and all it contains? May not all, before they reach their own graves, pause at the filling up of many other graves, know much sorrow and much suffering? Nay, to bring all to one convincing point, are there not to all in solitary musings or in the presence of fine examples of Christian virtue, in sickness or under disappointment—are there not to all better moments, when we get glimpses of an ideal life, far brighter and holier than the life we have thus far wrought out—a life that by its spirituality, would unite time and eternity, make earth a pathway, full of hope, to Heaven, and give a foretaste of Heaven's enduring bliss? And why can all have this glorious conception—this ideal—unless it reveals that which may be sought as a reality, that which may be followed as a sure guide towards all that is true and beautiful—good and immortal as God himself?

“An importunate petitioner pushed her way into the inside office of a friend of ours, and interrupted his attention by this odd question, ‘Are you idle, sir?’ The disturbance, the intrusion, and the slight imputation which the question threw on a hard-worker, drew from our friend, if not a courteous, at least a ‘curt’ reply, viz., ‘Nonsense, woman, get out of that.’ To which rebuff the offender meekly answered, ‘I am sorry I disturbed you, sir; but, at all events, *may you never be idle in this world or the next, because I know your honor would not like it.*’ The old saying, that a ‘soft answer turneth away wrath,’ is a practical one; but here the momentary annoyance was subdued by an apology, and the quaintness—and, indeed, compliment—of the prayer got the poor woman more than a patient, an interested, hearing. Her application was acceded to, and she had proof, that to ascertain if a person was idle was not a bad introduction.”

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT DANVERS, MASS.—On Wednesday, January 14, 1846, Mr. Frank P. Appleton was ordained as Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Danvers. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Roxbury; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Withington of Leominster; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Sargent of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett of Marblehead.

The Sermon, of which an abstract was kindly furnished us, is to be published.

INSTALLATION AT MILTON, MASS.—The installation of Rev. John H. Morrison, formerly associated with Rev. E. Peabody in the ministry at New Bedford, over the First Congregational Church in Milton, took place January 28, 1846. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Huntton of Canton; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Pike of Dorchester; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr. Lunt of Quincy; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Angier, formerly Pastor of the Church; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester.

The Sermon, from Matthew vi. 28, set forth the great characteristics of Christ's method of teaching, of the truths he uttered, and of the Christian character as formed under the influence of those truths.

ORDINATION AT DEERFIELD, MASS.—The First Parish in Deerfield has been deprived within a short term of years, of two young, esteemed and beloved Pastors. The vacant place was again filled on January 28, 1846, by the ordination of Mr. John F. Moors, recently of the Cambridge Theological School. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Brown of Brattleborough, Vt.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Robinson of Medfield; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Smith of Groton; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville.

An Address on Slavery was given in the church on the evening of the 27th, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston, and a Sermon was preached on the evening of the 28th, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston.

INSTALLATION AT HUBBARDSTON, MASS.—Rev. Samuel H. Lloyd, late a preacher of the Universalist connexion, from which he had withdrawn, having accepted a call from the Congregational Society in Hubbardston lately under the care of Rev. Claudius Bradford, now of Bridgewater, Wednesday, February 4, 1846, was appointed for his installation. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Marlboro'; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Greene of South Brookfield; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford; Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Mr. May of Leicester; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro'; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton.

The Sermon, founded on 1 Corinthians ix. 16, was an able exposition and defence of the claims of the Christian pulpit.

INSTALLATION AT SOMERVILLE, MASS.—On Wednesday, February 18, 1846, Rev. John T. Sargent, recently Minister of the Suffolk Street Chapel in Boston, was installed as Minister of the new Unitarian Society in Somerville. No Council was called. The services were in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Lambert of East Cambridge; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Hodges of Cambridge; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Furness of Philadelphia, Penn.; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Troy, N. Y.; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge.

Of the remarkably able discourse on this occasion, from John xiii. 31, we undertake no analysis, hoping the public may see it in print.

DEDICATION AT ROWE, MASS.—The new house of worship erected by the First Congregational Society in Rowe, was dedicated on Wednesday, January 21, 1846, to "God and his Christ." The old house had stood for more than sixty years; it had never been consecrated by any peculiar services, for it was entered before completed,—such were the wants of the people,—and it was not finished until after several years; it may yet stand for a half century, renovated perhaps into a town-house, so substantial is its frame, so sound are its timbers. Old age however manifests itself; or, if any one questions it, he has only to spend one half Sabbath day within its walls, with all the benefits of large stoves and still larger piles of wood. The Society had felt for some time great inconvenience and discomfort in attending public worship, though some could put up with these things at town-meetings, where quiet and stillness were not expected; but they were few in number and weak in means. A small debt of about seventy dollars weighed upon them. So conscientious were they, that they were unwilling to incur new and perhaps greater debts until these arrearages to their devoted Pastor had been made up to him,—arrearages caused by some dying and leaving but a bare subsistence to their

families, and by others removing from the town, before their subscriptions were paid. So dilapidated had the house become, so estranged the affections of the young, so uncomfortable to the most devoted disciple, that it had become almost a question of life or death to this ancient society. A voice of encouragement came to their weak hearts,—a promise of aid, whereby the faithful Pastor should be assured of his due and the society should be relieved. An immediate response from young and old was heard; and on the fourth of July, the parish resolved unanimously to make an effort to build for their God a house more worthy of his name and the faith which they professed. One mind and one heart dwelt in that little band of disciples. A committee was chosen to fix upon a spot for its location, as all were agreed that the summit of a barren rocky hill was not the place suitable. Another committee was chosen to raise subscriptions, and a third committee for building. These committees entered immediately upon their assigned duties, and during the next week the committee on location reported a spot selected to which no one dissented, and the subscription committee reported that the society would be justified in undertaking the enterprise. In a short time the building committee had fixed upon a plan and made a reasonable contract, so that during the early part of August the work commenced. The ladies and children were by no means idle lookers on, but young and old met together once a fortnight to braid and knit and sew; social meetings kept alive the zeal and love of all, and in six months their eyes and hearts were gladdened by the sight of a goodly house, worthy the united and devoted spirit of the little band, and worthy the designer and builder, Mr. Ammidon, a member of the society. The house cost about sixteen hundred and fifty dollars: individuals have subscribed about thirteen hundred dollars, and they have received from various friends one hundred and eighty-two dollars, leaving a balance of about two hundred dollars, which it is expected will be met in part at least by some aid from the American Unitarian Association, and it is hoped, by the generosity of some other favored disciples of him, who, "though rich, for our sakes became poor." The house is thirty-five feet by forty-four—small, but commodious, with a well proportioned steeple, loudly inviting to itself some sweet-toned bell. The internal arrangement is very appropriate: the pulpit is simple and neat, in which is a sofa, presented to the society, and before the pulpit two mahogany chairs and a table, obtained by the labors of the ladies and children. Two solar lamps, suspended over the choir, and a new exterior to the old small organ, are also the fruits of female industry. Two solar lamps for the pulpit, and a beautiful Bible, with four side lights, and carpeting for the aisles and pulpit, are the gifts of friends, interested in this outpour of our Zion. The arrangement of the gallery is peculiar; it, being designed for the choir only, extends down into the body of the house, so that the singers are not lifted up out of the congregation. Under the gallery are two closets, suitable for libraries. Behind the pulpit there is painted in fresco a recess very appropriate, which gives a fine effect to the house, and preserves the internal proportions. On the whole, our friends in this retired spot among the hills of western Franklin have everything outward to cheer their hearts and encourage them to perseverance. They have taken a strong

hold upon the enterprise and put forth all their power. It is hoped they may receive some farther aid whereby their devoted Pastor may be more amply remunerated for his self-sacrificing devotion. They have built a house, of which their children's children will not be ashamed; where they may delight to assemble and worship.

The following is the order of exercises on this interesting occasion:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bridge of Bernardston; Dedictory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield; Sermon, by the Pastor (from Exodus xx. 24: "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee"); Address, by Rev. Mr. Fuller of Montague; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Ballou of Whitingham, Vt.

In the evening there were services, and though the weather was stormy, the house was well filled. A discourse was preached by Rev. Mr. Everett, and addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Bridge and Fuller.

This society in Rowe is the most western society of our denomination in Massachusetts. There are, in the neighboring towns, many who have received our views of Christianity, and many who are doubtless ready to receive them, when they shall fairly be presented to them. May this new church inspire in them fresh courage and a more lively and active faith; and ere long may those hills and valleys echo with the accents of liberty, holiness and love.

FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES IN SALEM AND VICINITY.—Measures have been taken, by the Churches in the city of Salem and the neighboring towns, for the organization of a Benevolent Fraternity. The object of this excellent undertaking includes the preaching of Liberal Christianity in places within that district which are now not able to provide themselves with such instructions. We sincerely hope and confidently believe, that the movement will result in the best success.

ITEMS—FROM THE LONDON INQUIRER.

SUNDAY TRADING.—A very numerous body of gentlemen, (headed by Mr. B. Hawes, M. P.,) consisting of deputations from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and a number of other metropolitan parishes, had a long interview, on Saturday afternoon, with Sir James Graham, at the Home-office, on the subject of Sunday trading. The deputation presented memorials, praying for some steps to be taken to restrict, or, if possible, put a stop to trading on the Sabbath.

THE REV. ROBERT ASPLAND.—The Rev. George Harris, on Sunday morning, closed his discourse with an interesting sketch of the life and labors of the late Rev. Robert Aspland, forty years Unitarian minister at Hackney, near London, who enjoyed the friendship and esteem of many of our Liberal statesmen and politicians, and was largely instrumental in extending the civil and religious liberties of his fellow-countrymen. He was many years editor of the "Monthly Repository" and "Christian Reformer."